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# The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME VII.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1878.

NUMBER 40.

## POETRY.

### "NOT DEAD, BUT RISEN"

[From the Arabic.]

The following is the beautiful poem read by  
Charles Dudley Warner at the Memorial service  
in honor of Samuel Bowles:

He who died at Azim sends  
This to comfort all his friends:

Faithful friends! It lies, I know,  
Pale and white and cold as snow;  
And ye say, "Abdallah's dead!"  
Weeping at the feet and head.  
I can see your falling tears,  
I can hear your sighs and prayers;  
Yet I smile, and whisper this—  
I am not the thing you kiss:  
Cease your tears, and let it lie;  
It was mine, it is not I.

Sweet friends! What the women love,  
For the last sleep of the grave,  
Is a hut which I am quitting—  
Is a garment no more fitting—  
Is a cage from which, at last,  
Like a bird my soul has past.  
Love the inmate, not the room—  
The wearer, not the garb—the plume  
Of the eagle, not the bars  
That kept him from those splendid stars!

Loving friends! Be wise, and dry  
Straightway every weeping eye;  
What ye lift upon the bier  
Is not worth a single tear.  
'Tis an empty sea-shell—one  
Out of which the pearl has gone;  
The shell is broken—it lies there;  
The pearl, the all, the soul, is here.  
'Tis an earthen jar whose lid  
Allah sealed, the while it hid  
That treasure of his treasury,  
A mind that loved him; let it lie!  
Let the shard be earth's once more,  
Since the gold is in his store!

Allah glorios! Allah good!  
Now this world is understood;  
Now the long, long wonder ends!  
Yet ye weep, my erring friends,  
While the man whom you call dead,  
In unspoken bliss, instead,  
Lives and loves you; 'tis his true,  
For the light that shines for you;  
But, in the light ye cannot see,  
Of undisturbed felicity—  
In a perfect paradise,  
And a life that never dies.

Farewell, friends! But not farewell;  
When I am, ye too shall dwell.  
I am gone from this face,  
A moment's worth, a little space,  
When ye come where I have slept,  
Ye will wonder why ye wept;  
Ye will know by true love taught,  
That here is all, and there is naught.  
Weep awhile, if ye are fain—  
Sunshine still must follow rain;  
Only not at death—for death,  
Now we know, is that first breath  
Which our souls draw when we enter  
Life, which is of all life center.

Do ye certain all seem love,  
Viewed from Allah's throne above!  
Do ye stout of heart, and come  
Bravely onward to your home!  
La-ill Allah! Allah la!  
O love divine! O love away!

He who died at Azim gave  
This to those who made his grave.

## STORY TELLER.

### DAVY'S HOLIDAY.

"Can't I go, mother? All the other  
boys are going, and I want to go so  
bad. Won't you ask father to let me  
go?"

There is an eager, pleading look in  
Davy Carew's bright eyes as he stands  
by his mother's side and lays his little  
brown hand on her arm in his earnest  
ness.

"Go long off, Davy; how silly of  
you to want to leave the farm for a  
whole blessed day, right in the mid  
dle of corn planting, and go a galli  
vanting off in the woods with a passel  
of young 'uns a pickin' in; of course  
your father won't let you go, and  
that's the end of it; so you may as  
well think no more about it."

Poor, disappointed little Davy.  
With a half-smothered sob he goes  
slowly across the floor, takes his hoe  
from the side of the house, and goes  
out toward the field to work, his moth  
er screaming derisively after him.

"Now, I would go to crying if I  
were you! Shame on you! Almost  
twenty years old! Be a man, can't you?"

Ever since Davy Carew had been  
out of his baby-dresses he had been  
taught that the crowning merit of lit  
tle boys was to behave like men. Play  
things and holidays were not to be  
thought of; and the chief end of life  
must be to make money and save it.

"A penny saved is a penny earned,"  
was the watchword of the Carews,  
therefore a great many more pennies  
went into Mr. Carew's big leather  
pocket book and Mrs. Carew's blue  
yarn stocking foot than ever came out.

All of the finest fruit went to mar  
ket and was sold, and the dollars went  
into Mr. Carew's leather pocket book;  
all of the best butter, fat turkeys, and  
golden honey went to town, and the  
dollars came home to be tucked away  
in the stocking leg. Davy had a pig  
given him when it was but a week  
old, which he had carefully fed and  
attended to until it grew to be a fine,  
fat hog, and then—away it went into  
the great pocket book.

He found the old black hen, with a  
dozen downy little chicks just stop  
ping out of their shells, in a nest in  
the wood a half-mile from the house,  
where they would most certainly have  
fallen a prey to the hawks or vensels  
had not Davy gathered them up in  
his cap and taken them home, claim  
ing them as "all his own." And they  
were "all his own" until they were  
ready for market, when away the whole  
twelve went, and back came a crisp  
five dollar bank note which was tucked  
safely away in the stocking foot, and  
Davy had his ears boxed for complain  
ing that nothing was his.

The child could not even have an  
hour's time to call his own. There were  
no kites, no marbles, no half-holidays,  
no playthings for Davy; nothing but  
the long rows of corn to hoe and the  
piles of wood to cut; nothing but work  
for Davy—unceasing work, that was  
hardening both muscle and heart.  
When other boys were merry-making  
Davy was at work; he could not do as  
he pleased even on Sundays, for even  
then he was expected to "keep his eye  
on things," and so well did the boy  
know what the result would be should  
a cow get into the fields, or a horse  
stray off, that this day of rest was  
made almost as wearisome as the oth  
ers by the constant journeyings over  
the farm to see that everything was  
all right.

A wearisome life was Davy's; and,  
young as he was, the boy had thought  
that if the years to come were to be  
like the years of the past, he would  
rather be dead than live through them.

One day he had startled his mother  
by asking her of what use was money.  
Mr. Dombey himself could not have  
exhibited more surprise when asked  
the same question by little Paul than  
was Mrs. Carew.

"Why, Davy Carew," she said, "mon  
ey is every thing in this world; at  
least you can buy every thing with it."  
"I don't see that it buys much for  
us," he returned, looking around on  
the ugly bare walls and carpetless  
floor of his mother's cheerless sitting  
room. "What is father going to do  
with his money?"

"Buy land, of course. You are get  
ting stout and big now, and we need  
more land to keep you busy and out  
of mischief."

Alas, poor Davy! In his heart he  
thought that the coming years were  
to be even worse than the past had  
been, and it was no wonder that he  
went out into the fields hating the  
long rows of waving corn and the  
beautiful waving grass in the meadows;  
hating everything that suggested  
farm work to him, running away from  
home and leaving behind him the  
dreary old house and farm.

There was nothing to make home  
pleasant for him; no books, papers,  
pictures, or flowers. Mr. and Mrs.  
Carew considered these things in the  
light of useless vanities, therefore  
there was nothing but bare floors and  
walls all around, and the plainest of  
furniture. To be sure there was a  
"best room," but it was about as cheer  
ful as a vault would have been, and  
Davy seldom entered its sacred pre  
cincts; he was not allowed to do so  
lest he "muss things."

He had no brothers or sisters, and  
was not allowed to have any young  
companions. He was pitifully bash  
ful and awkward in the presence of  
strangers, and would always keep out  
of sight of visitors if possible.

How he envied the neatly and pret  
tily dressed little boys and girls, who  
sometimes came out from the city to  
frolic in the beautiful groves near his  
father's house! How he would hide  
himself in his rags and patches and  
peep out at the shining boots and  
pretty hats of the boys! For the poor  
little fellow had never had a whole  
new suit of clothes in his life, his  
mother declaring that it was not  
"worth while" to buy new clothes for  
him to outgrow; therefore he was  
generally clad in the garments his  
father could no longer wear, his moth  
er cutting them down here and there  
until they were small enough for Davy;  
and a sorry figure the child cut in the  
ill-fitting garments. Yet he never  
complained to any one; but oh, how  
he longed for better things and for  
one glimpse of the beautiful, bright  
world that he knew was beyond the  
gates of the dreary farm where all his  
young life had been spent in unceas  
ing toil!

And the little fellow longed for even  
a word of encouragement, a kindly  
spoken "well done," as a reward for  
his labor; but even this was denied  
him, for Mr. and Mrs. Carew did not  
believe in "petting young ones," and  
never in all his life had Davy been  
called a good boy, or received a word  
of praise.

To be sure Mr. and Mrs. Carew lov  
ed their boy, but not with a love that  
nourished and strengthened him; not  
with a love that he would cling to and  
remember through all time; and there  
are too many parents like Davy's; too  
many homes like his, where the love  
angel enters not in at the door and  
the sunlight of his presence is never  
felt; and it is not to be marveled at  
that the children of such homes creep

out into the great unknown world,  
for it seems less gloomy and dreary  
than the homes they leave left.

At the time our story opens the lit  
tle boys and girls of Miss Alice Ha  
ven's Sabbath-school class were pre  
paring for a picnic on the Blue Wave  
Lake, a few miles from Mr. Carew's,  
and Miss Alice herself had asked Davy  
to go with them one day when she  
was out riding and had stopped for a  
drink at the spring where Davy was  
watering his horses.

Miss Alice gleaned from her short  
conversation with the boy that his  
days of recreation were few and far  
between, and she was glad she had  
asked him to go when she saw the  
light that shone in his eyes when he  
said:

"Oh, if I could only go!"  
"And why can't you?" asked Alice.  
"Why—why, I don't 'spect father  
will let me, we're so busy."

"Oh, I guess he will. A little boy  
like you surely can't do so very much  
work. Now, Davy, be right good, and  
ask your father to let you go with us,  
and I guess he'll do it."

Davy had never asked his father for  
a half-hour's time for amusement in  
his life, and how could he go to him  
now, right in a busy season, and ask  
for a whole day to spend in pleasure?  
He could not do it; but he would get  
his mother to ask him, and surely his  
father would let him go. So Davy  
had asked his mother to intercede for  
him, and we have seen the result.

Davy tried manfully to keep back  
the tears, but he could not. He went  
out of the gate and down by the  
spring, and there he sat down and  
sobbed aloud in his grief and disap  
pointment; and there Miss Alice  
found him a few moments afterward,  
as she stopped again at the spring  
while out for her morning ride.

"Well, my boy what is the matter  
now?" she said.

Davy raised his head, tried to cease  
crying and said:

"I—I can't go—with you next  
week; father won't let me. Oh, dear,  
what's the use of living?"

"Oh, my little man, don't cry so, and  
I'll see what I can do for you. Now,  
just you sit here till I come back."  
And off rode Miss Alice to the field  
to see Mr. Carew, and after a good  
deal of coaxing, succeeded in obtaining  
from him the doubtful promise that  
"maybe he could go if his mother was  
willing;" and then off rode Miss Alice  
to the house and made Mrs. Carew  
promise that Davy might go although  
there was "no sense in it;" and then  
Alice lost no time in conveying the  
delightful news to Davy.

"Oh, thank you, thank you!" cried  
the delighted boy, clapping his hands  
for glee. "I'll be very good and work  
as hard as I can till the time comes."

But suddenly Davy's delight ceased.  
In his joy he had quite forgotten the  
fact that he had no clothes suitable to  
wear at the picnic, and he dared not  
hope that his father would open the  
big pocket book and buy him new ones  
for the occasion. But some unseen  
influence is at work with Mr. Carew,  
for after dinner that day he threw a  
bill across the table to his wife, and  
said:

"I reckon, if Davy goes to that fool  
ish affair Saturday, he'll want better  
duds than he's got, and you'd better  
go to town and get him some."

Happy day for Davy! In his grati  
tude he could have fallen at his father's  
feet and kiss them, but he did nothing  
but sit with clasped hands and smile  
out his thanks.

Mrs. Carew hitches up the horse to  
the little buggy, takes Davy's measure,  
and drives off to town, leaving Davy  
at work in the garden; but it is a long  
afternoon to the excited boy, and many  
times he goes to the gate, and looks  
down the road to see if his mother is  
coming with the new clothes. He  
wonders what they will be like, and he  
promises himself that he will be a very  
good boy indeed now to pay for the  
new clothes he is to have. He will not  
let wicked thoughts of running away  
come into his head, he will stay at  
home always, and help the dear moth  
er who is so good to him. Oh, loyal  
little heart!

When the sun is nearly down he  
goes out to the gate for the twentieth  
time to look for mother—and yet, she  
is coming! With all speed he runs to  
meet her, crying out,

"Did you get them; Oh, mother did  
you get them?"

"To be sure I did, you silly boy.  
How crazy you act!" replied Mrs.  
Carew.

"Let me carry them to the house,"  
says Davy, and he lifted the bundle  
from the wagon as tenderly and gen  
tly as though it were a living thing.  
He flies into the house and puts on  
the new clothes, and with glad eyes  
views himself in the little mirror and  
it is a laughing, even a pretty face  
that looks back at him. Suddenly he  
turns from the mirror, rushes across  
the room, and throws his arms around  
his mother's neck, and kisses her face.

"My land! A body would think you'd  
gone crazy," cried Mrs. Carew; but  
she does not disengage the arms from  
her neck until she hears her husband's

step on the porch, and then, quickly  
rising, she says she must get supper;  
but she goes very quietly about her  
work, and gazes longingly many times  
on Davy, and once, when alone in the  
pantry, she wipes her eyes with a  
corner of her apron, and softly says:  
"Poor boy! who'd a thought he'd  
care so much for what it took so little  
to buy, and long after Davy had gone  
to bed, with the new clothes on a chair  
by his side, Mrs. Carew sits on the  
doorstep in the moonlight musing,  
and when she finally rises she goes  
softly to Davy's room and gently kiss  
es his lips before going to her own  
room.

During the days that intervene be  
fore the picnic takes place Mrs. Carew  
is unusually kind to Davy, and the boy  
is happy, very, very happy. Every day  
the new clothes are tried on for a few  
moments.

At last the longed-for Saturday ar  
rives; bright and beautiful is the  
morning, and Davy is up with the sun.  
He can hardly keep quiet long enough  
to eat his breakfast, so anxious is he  
to put on the new clothes.

"Goodness, boy, what are you in  
such a hurry for?" asks his father,  
noticing the boy's unusual hurry to  
finish his morning meal.

"Why," said Davy, "to-day is the  
picnic, and you know you said I might  
go."

"Did I?" carelessly replied his fa  
ther, "well, I entirely forgot it, and I  
don't believe I can let you go. I am  
obliged to go to town to-day, and it  
will never do in the world for you and  
I both to go away from home, for the  
corn we planted is up, and the east  
fence is down in three or four places,  
and you'll have to watch it until I can  
get it fixed."

Poor little Davy! His dreams of  
pleasure fade away; a great lump  
rises in his throat, he leaves the table,  
goes out behind the house, and sinks  
down in tearful, pitiful silence. He  
knows too well that nothing can move  
his father. If there is anything Mr.  
Carew prides himself on it is his firm  
ness.

"Henry," says his wife, "I think you  
had better—"  
"Now, now, wife, don't try to turn  
me; it's the ruination of a child to tell  
it that it can't do a thing, and then let  
it go right off and do it. What's a  
silly picnic that the silly boy should  
care so much about it?"

A very little thing indeed to some  
people, but to poor Davy it meant al  
most a foretaste of heaven; and that  
is why his disappointment grieves him  
so, and he can not control his sobs,  
until suddenly a pair of arms are around  
his neck, and his mother's voice,  
strangely soft and low, says,

"Davy, dear, don't mind it; I am  
very sorry for you."

"I won't mind it any more, mother,"  
manfully says Davy, "but I wanted to  
go so bad."

Davy has resolved to be a man, and  
although there are tears in his eyes,  
and his heart is aching, he watches his  
mother fold up the new clothes and  
lay them back on the shelf in the closet;  
but he wonders when he will ever  
wear them now. Soon, very soon, my  
brave little boy.

"Mother," he says, "you tell Miss  
Alice I couldn't go, but I'll climb the  
old oak tree in the field by the road  
and watch them pass." And so he  
goes out to the field and climbs the  
old tree. High up among the branch  
es he goes, and soon he hears music;  
the wagon load of happy children ap  
pear down the road, with a small band  
of music in front. Four horses are  
hitched to the wagon, gaily caparisoned  
with flags and ribbons, and banners  
are waving from the front seat.

Poor Davy! In spite of his resolve  
to be brave, he feels the lump rising  
again in his throat at sight of all this  
splendor.

He sees his mother go out to meet  
Miss Alice, as she runs lightly up the  
path toward the house; and then in a  
few moments they come down the road.

Nearer and nearer they come, and  
Davy, with tears in his eyes, leans far  
out to wave his poor ragged little cap  
to Miss Alice, and she waves back her  
little white handkerchief. They are  
going out of sight now, and Davy  
leans farther out—alas; too far! The  
treacherous limb he is standing on  
snaps under his feet, and down goes  
the poor boy crashing among the  
branches.

His mother sees him fall, and is the  
first to reach him. She gathers the  
poor crushed little body up in her  
arms for the first time in many years—  
and for the last time for ever!

"I shall wear the new clothes now,  
mother," he said softly, and closed his  
eyes to open them again in the land  
immortal, where he would put on the  
bright new clothes, the garments that  
was not old.

They laid him away in the new  
clothes, and the merry picnic party  
covered his little form with the flow  
ers they had brought to decorate their  
table. Miss Alice herself putting a  
bouquet of fair, white daisies in the  
hard little hands made beautifully  
white by death.

There were sad, sad hearts at the  
lonely farm-house that day, as Davy's  
father and mother knelt by his little  
coffin, and realized what might have  
been done for the little boy's happi  
ness, and how easily his life might  
have been saved; but the words of  
forgiveness they longed to hear, the  
dead lips could not utter.

## A MUTE SERMON.

An Interesting Episcopal Service for the  
Deaf-Mutes of Newark.

[Newark, N. J., Daily Press, Sept. 23.]

Yesterday afternoon a silent throng  
were seen moving briskly along Belle  
ville avenue towards the Trinity Mis  
sion Chapel, at the head of Clark  
street. They were fashionably dress  
ed, and, the young ladies especially,  
appeared to belong to the best soci  
ety of Newark. But for one thing they  
would have attracted no further at  
tention than that usually accorded  
to a company of well dressed ladies  
and gentlemen passing to or from  
church on a bright Sabbath afternoon.  
The one thing that called especial at  
tention to these was that they did not  
speak a word to each other. They  
were deaf and dumb, and wore on  
their way to listen to, or rather see, a  
sermon delivered in the chapel above  
named. The party numbered some  
thirty odd. On arriving at the door  
of the chapel they were escorted to  
reserved seats by polite ushers, to  
whom the mutes smilingly bowed  
their compliments. The interesting  
service of the Episcopal Church was  
commenced immediately on their ar  
rival, Rev. Dr. Stansbury of Christ  
Church reading the words by voice,  
and Rev. Dr. George Pennell from the  
Woodside Episcopal Church rapidly  
translating the words to the mutes by  
signs. The sermon was delivered in  
the same way. The Doctor from Christ  
Church preached earnestly to that  
portion of the congregation that had  
ears to hear, and the Doctor from  
Woodside preaching precisely the  
same sermon, word for word, with his  
fingers, to that interesting portion  
of the audience who could only hear  
with their eyes. It was a strange serv  
ice, to which every person present paid  
close attention. They never turned  
their eyes from the talking fingers or  
the translating pastor, and often ex  
pressed their approval by gestures of  
the head and expressions of counte  
nance. The sermon was on a Biblical  
subject and not of any particular im  
portance within itself. It was the  
novel way in which it was delivered  
that made it take. At the close of  
the service the mutes gathered around  
their translator and began an animat  
ed conversation, very much as church  
people are wont to do who have ears.  
They are all residents of Newark, and  
will hold another service at the same  
place on the second Sunday in Oc  
tober.

NUMBERS OF THE DEAF AND  
DUMB.

When the project of creating an in  
stitution for the deaf and dumb in the  
State of New York was first entertain  
ed (in 1817) it was opposed by some,  
on the ground that one such institu  
tion would be sufficient for the deaf  
and dumb of the whole country; and  
as the American Asylum at Hartford  
had already gone into operation, they  
could perceive no necessity for anoth  
er establishment of the same kind.  
There is doubtless much less of igno  
rance upon this point now, at least  
among intelligent men, than there was  
in 1817; and yet there are probably  
few, even at the present day, who are  
fully aware of the actual number of  
deaf and dumb persons in the commu  
nity around them. According to the  
census of the United States, there were  
in 1840 seven thousand six hundred  
and sixty-four deaf-mutes in the whole  
country, and we have good reason for  
believing that this estimate fell con  
siderably below the real number at that  
time. This fact, taken in connection  
with the great increase of population  
during the last thirty years, warrants  
the belief that there are now more  
than thirty thousand deaf and dumb  
persons in the Union. Their number  
alone therefore seems to entitle them  
to a considerable share of the public  
regard, to say nothing of the peculiar  
interest which their great misfortune  
is fitted to excite in every benevolent  
breast. If we suppose, as we have a  
right to do, that at least one-fifth of  
the whole number of the deaf and dumb  
in the country are of proper age and  
in suitable circumstances to receive  
instruction, it follows that there ought  
to be at this time six thousand deaf  
mutes connected with the various  
schools which have been established  
for them in the United States; where  
as the actual number is between four  
and five thousand. Thus it appears  
that although much has been done for  
the education of this class of persons,  
yet much more remains to be accom  
plished, especially in some parts of the  
country, before the whole duty of so  
ciety toward them is discharged.—An  
nals.

## Summary of Foreign Deaf-Mute News.

[From Rev. Samuel Smith's Magazine for Sept.]

The young members of the Bible  
Class connected with the Glasgow  
Mission to the Deaf and Dumb, under  
charge of Mr. John Haggie, went a  
pleasure trip to Hamilton on the 17th  
of August. A very pleasant day was  
spent, the weather being fine and cool.

SERVICES FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB AT READ  
ING.

Mr. Salmon, jun., of the Market  
place, has begun a series of special ser  
vices for the Deaf and Dumb, in a  
room at the Victoria Hall, King's road,  
on Sunday afternoon (July 27th), and  
they have been very well attended.  
Mr. Salmon, who is remarkably skillful  
in making himself understood by those  
in whose welfare he is interested, uses  
a mixed system of signs for words or  
ideas, and of spelling on the fingers.  
The services are entirely unsectarian,  
and will doubtless be appreciated as  
they should be by the persons for  
whose benefit they are intended.

## AMERICAN VISITORS.

The Rev. John Chamberlain, assist  
ant minister of St. Ann's Church for  
the Deaf and Dumb, New York, has  
been on a visit to London recently,  
and assisted on several occasions at  
St. Saviour's by reading portions of  
the service. Professor Gillet, principal  
of the Illinois Institution, has also  
visited London and was present at one  
of the services at St. Saviour's.



# DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, OCT. 3, 1878.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.

THE DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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## HORSE ABUSE.

Notwithstanding all that has been said and written on the subject of kindness to domestic animals, the horse, one of the most noble of animals, and perhaps the most useful, though often the pet of many people, is, in the possession of some, often treated in a most shameful manner and, quite frequently, is the object of outright neglect and abuse.

We have in our mind men, who are known to us, who are not only in the habit of driving outrageously long journeys in a single day, and giving their horses scant feed and drink, but who also actually take pleasure in otherwise abusing them, while they themselves are in a fit of passion, by beating them unmercifully with the whip, and often, without any cause, furiously attacking them with clubs and prodding them with pitch-forks. This class of men should be taught lessons of kindness to animals through the agency of Mr. Henry Bergh, or other officers, appointed to enforce the law against "cruelty to animals," and it does us good when one of these officers, whose commissions empower them to act in their official capacity outside of as well as in the cities, detect a man in practicing cruelty to animals, arrest him, take him before the nearest magistrate, and he is fined or committed to jail in punishment for his meanness towards the brute creation. Indeed it would be justice towards such men, a blessing for their horses, and a favor to kind-hearted people, if such officers of the law were much more numerous than they are, and horse-abusers oftener made to pay the penalty of the law that they so often violate.

No man who is inconsiderate of the care for and the comfort of the horse deserves to be the owner of one; and no man who has proper regard for his own horse will trust him in the hands of a person who has been even once known to willfully misuse a horse of his own or that belonging to anybody else.

A fractions man, who without provocation is liable to fly into a towering passion, is not usually a good hand to manage a horse. When a person is in ill humor, he is in no fit condition to govern an animal like the horse, or indeed any other, and if he is a man who gives himself away to passion he is often liable to vent his revengeful feelings in abusing the horse or some other domestic animal, if not his fellow-beings. No man is fit to control a horse when he cannot govern his own passionate temper, and men of that stamp are usually notorious for their cruelty to animals. When you are out of humor, or in a passion, do not wreak your vengeance on a brute, without reason, and from which you differ most in being endowed with reason and a soul, and between which, when your reason is dethroned by passion, there is but a very little difference. First govern yourselves, then you will be competent to rightly manage horses or other domestic animals.

There is a fault quite common with some men in respect to the kind treatment of their horses. It is the false notion, of modern invention, that if properly groomed a horse can thrive well on a very little feed. The sooner this absurd idea is exploded the more profitable for such men and the better for their horses. A good bedding and thorough and often cleaning are of much value to a horse, but without sufficient feed and drink, he is no more prepared for fast driving or heavy labor than you would be, without a hearty breakfast or solid dinner, to stand at the desk and write from morning till bed-time, or go into the field and dig potatoes from sunrise till sundown, and grow fat at it because you sleep in a good bed and wear comfortable clothing. With horses

good grooming is much, but good, generous feeding and sufficient watering is much more; and with people, on the same principle, good sleep and plenty of proper wearing apparel go a long ways in the direction of comfort, but abundance of good food is a better working power.

## THE WALKING ADVERTISEMENT.

Among the papers read at the Columbus convention was one on the beauties of articulation. It was discussed with more or less warmth, as a matter of course, and the feelings of the author of the paper, at the close of the discussion, are best expressed in his own expression that "the profession had not yet advanced to that point where it could comprehend the best among the systems in vogue." Which reminds us of the juryman who would have brought in a verdict for the full amount claimed if it had not been for the obstinacy of those eleven fools associated with him.

Several of the semi-mutes of the profession, it seems, took part in the discussion on this paper, but their remarks hardly gained them the gratitude of its author. One of them even went so far, in a moment of confidence, as to confess that he himself had, in the days of his pupillage, abundant experience of a personal nature in this articulation business, and that the chief memory of those other days that clung to him, with persistence altogether worthy of the cause, was of time wasted that might have been profitably employed.

This walking advertisement, among the deaf, is not peculiar to articulation; it doubtless struck the observing of the members of the convention as true of other things. For instance, when a highly cultured deaf-mute members arose, and suggested that as he had always found the language of signs and the systems of instruction founded thereon sufficiently successful in his own case, and in that of the pupils he was now teaching, it disturbed him to see attempts made to cunningly secure its temporary banishment if not perpetual exile, every member of logical mind saw that, having been through those things himself, he was well prepared to take the stand he did. This walking advertisement was hardly to be gainsaid. And so it is in most things pertaining to the instruction of the deaf. One may have heard some remarkable stories of the success attending the instruction at such and such an institution, and consequently be rather astonished to see a pupil therefrom, otherwise fair in general knowledge, tripping up in his efforts to foot a short column of figures, owing to a slight acquaintance with the mysteries of subtraction and total ignorance of multiplication and division, and all that they imply. A seven years' course evidently does not go very far in such establishments.

The only thing upon which any system of instruction has to found its reputation is clearly the mental character of those that have been taught thereby. The walking advertisement tells the tale. Look for it stalking abroad through the land and not among the volumes that cause their shelves to groan, nor between the covers of innocent-looking reports, which, though they generally tell the truth of a few remarkable cases, have a habit of inciting the unwary through delusions of belief of the probabilities of attainment of every Tom, Dick, and Harry.

## CHURCH NOTICES.

Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D. D., of New York, will hold a service, in the interest of "The Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes," with its Home for Aged and Infirm, in Grace (Episcopal) Church, Mexico, N. Y., at 7 P. M., Thursday, October 24th, 1878. Deaf-mutes in the vicinity and from abroad, as well as their friends, are cordially invited to be present on that occasion. The services will be rendered both in sign and oral language for the benefit of the deaf and also the hearing.

Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet of New York, will hold a service for the deaf-mutes in Rochester, N. Y., Sunday, October 20th. A cordial invitation is extended. Deaf-mutes desiring baptism or confirmation at that time will have an opportunity to have the same administered. J. C. ACKER, Rochester, Sept. 27, 1878.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet will preach the 26th Anniversary sermon of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, New York, on Sunday, October 6th. The service for deaf-mutes will begin at 2:45 P. M. The annual meeting of "The Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes" will be held in St. Ann's Church, New York, on Wednesday evening, Oct. 30th. The sixth anniversary of the society will be held in St. Ann's Church, on Sunday evening, the 10th of November. The sermon, by the Rev. Dr. Cooke, will be interpreted in signs. The reception and sale at the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes, No. 220 East 13th street, will be held on Wednesday, November 13th.

## The Itinerary.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: The Itinerary.

Allen P. Clader is employed at the Cliff House at Manitowish, Col.

The New York Institution has four supervisors in charge of the boys.

Five Croquet grounds have been laid out at the Michigan Institution.

James H. Pervis has been appointed Supervisor of the boys at the Colorado Institution.

Dr. P. G. Gillett, Superintendent of the Illinois Institution, has returned from his European tour.

Harry E. Marsh has returned to the West Virginia Institution, after spending his vacation in Texas.

J. H. Dobyns, editor of the *Ranger*, represented Texas at the Columbus Convention of Principals and Teachers.

About sixty pupils of the Michigan Institution are learning trades—printers, shoemakers, and cabinet-makers.

Mr. and Mrs. Roth, formerly of Rockford, Ill., lately moved to Chicago, where Mr. Roth has found employment in a furniture factory.

B. Pierson, who graduated last summer from the West Virginia Institution, accompanied his sister to that institution lately, she being a pupil there.

Christian Gottwerth attended school one year at the Michigan Institution, and then remained at home assisting his father. He is now back at the institution.

Miss Carrie Shibley, recently of Terre Haute, Ind., is at Rockford, Ill., and intends to make her future home with one of her old friends—Mrs. E. J. Tuttle.

On account of poor health Miss Carrie K. Standart, for the past six or seven years a teacher at the Michigan Institution, has been compelled to resign her position.

Says the *Boston Globe* of Sept. 15th: Stephen England, a deaf man, was struck by a train on City Railroad and knocked into the dock, causing two scalp wounds, and was carried to his home.

Mr. Daniel Robbins departed this life on the 1st of July last, in his native town, Plymouth, Mass., where he passed almost all his life, as a rope maker. He was once a pupil in the American Asylum.

The Board of Managers of the Wisconsin Deaf-Mute Alumni Society will meet next Christmas, in Delavan, to elect an orator, a committee on arrangements, and to transact other business of said society.

Mrs. F. M. Tuttle and her two sons, of Geneva, N. Y., who have been making a pleasant visit in Albany, Troy, Saratoga and Northern New York, returned home recently. They had been gone nearly ten weeks.

Miss William French, (nee Lizzie Graves), of Georgetown, Ky., has been visiting Maggie E. Fells in Louisville, Ky. Messrs. Kentz and Gibson, who have been very sick this summer, are now able to get about again.

A deaf and dumb printer named Evans will spend the next 30 days at the Detroit House of Correction on account of violating the State law relative to the defrauding of hotel and boarding house keepers.—*Ann Arbor*, (Mich.), Register.

The *Mirror* advocates, and with good reason, the admission of females at the National Deaf-Mute College. We have always had an idea that President Gallaudet does not draw the line as to sex, that the college is open to the girls, only they don't come.

A visit to P. M. Tuttle's studio revealed him busy at work with his brush and easel upon a portrait of W. L. Higgins. Mr. Tuttle is a rising young artist who has made himself adept in his profession from natural born talent.—*Geneva*, (N. Y.) Herald, Sept. 19, 1878.

The first week of school at the Michigan Institution this year had a larger number of scholars than that of any previous term. Up to the 20th ult. the number present was 218 against 209 at the same date last year.—92 each of deaf-mute boys and girls, and 18 and 16 respectively of blind girls and boys.

Mr. L. L. Sherman, a representative of the Oswego Times office, and a cousin of Mr. Harley W. Nutting, a deaf-mute living in Parish, N. Y., was in Mexico last week on business. He stopped to pay a short visit to Mrs. George Penfield, who is his mother's cousin. Stephen Sinclair is boarding at Mr. Penfield's.

Many of Mr. Henry Elliott's classmates and friends will be agreeably surprised to learn that he and Miss Emma Terry, of New York, were united in matrimony by the Rev. Mr. Tullis, at Mr. Elliott's parents' residence in Brooklyn, N. Y., on the 4th of last July. They are both graduates of the New York Institution.

Miss Myra E. Alden, of Dixmont, Me., has been visiting the past five weeks among relatives and friends in Boston and vicinity. On her return home she stopped over at the hospitable abode of Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Staples in Belfast, where the mutes of that city assembled on both evenings of her stay, and the time was passed pleasantly in games and social conversation.

Cross overers of human nature at the Convention, pretend to have ascertained the fact that Ohio has the most substantial, queenly-looking lady teachers; Illinois the loveliest—wouldn't it, of course not—Indiana the most modest and sensitive; Maine, the greatest searchers for knowledge; Maryland, the most *Pette*; and—but we were called away just then and did not hear the remainder of the list.—*Mirror*.

What called you away?

A new life of Laura Dorey Bridgeman, the blind deaf-mute whom Dr. S. G. Howe taught, in the Perkins Institution for the Blind at Boston, is announced by the New-English Publishing Company. The book was written by Mrs. Mary Swift Lamson, one of her teachers, and is made up largely from Mrs. Lamson's diary, during Laura's school life at the institution, with such selections from Dr. Howe's report as will enable the public to understand how this wonderful child gained the education she now enjoys.—*New York Tribune*.

A deaf and dumb boy was walking past a large shop one day in winter, when he saw a beautiful pair of skates in the window. He had often wished for skates, that he might skate upon the ice, and when he saw these he desired to have them. He looked at no one was watching; he thought, "I can take the skates easily and no one will know." Before he had been sent to school, this boy had been a very bad boy; he had often stolen; but now he was learning about the God, and he knew that God had said, "Thou shalt not steal." As he stood looking at the skates, this commandment came into his mind, and there was like a struggle in his mind. He old nature said, "Take the skates," his conscience answered, "No, for it is wrong to steal." At last he made the signs "steal, bad, not," (he was seen, though he did not know it) and went on without taking them. I think he had gained a great victory over the temptation of the Devil.—*British Magazine*.

A majority of the pupils at the Kansas Institution this year are small.

Charles Cox, the "boss" catcher of the Illinois Institution, is now a pupil at the Kansas Institution.

School at the Kansas Institution opened on the 11th inst. with 76 pupils, 16 of whom are new ones.

A sprout, grown this year, out at the orange hedge of the Kansas Institution, measured 13 feet and 4 inches.

They have an archery club at the Michigan Institution, and Professor Platt is, in the *Mirror's* elegant appellation, the "boss" thereof.

Frank Schafer, a former pupil of the Michigan Institution, now attends the Kansas Institution, his parents having moved to the latter State.

D. C. Vestal, who has been absent from the Kansas Institution for a year, has returned to that school and to his old trade—shoemaking.

During the past vacation a cabinet shop has been erected, and hereafter cabinet-making is to be one of the trades taught at the Kansas Institution.

The school-rooms have all been papered and otherwise improved at the Kansas Institution, the old and new buildings have been thoroughly renovated and painted, and the shoe shop has also been repainted and renovated.

Last August Mr. P. M. Parcells, of South Weymouth, Mass., spent three weeks with Miss L. Pratt, of South Brimfield, Mass., and party, at her father's seaside cottage at Nantasket Beach, enjoying the salt water breezes.

Mr. L. W. Saunders, of the Mississippi Institution, at Jackson, paid the Virginia Institution, at Staunton, a visit about three weeks ago and enjoyed himself very much. The former Institution re-opens about the middle of this month.

In addition to the deaf-mute institution papers already mentioned in the *JOURNAL*, the *Mirror*, *Star*, and *Index*, after their suspension during the summer vacations of their respective institutions, resappeared among our exchanges last week.

John Carlin, Esq., of New York, has been invited to deliver a discourse on the subject of the late Joseph O. Pratt before the Clero Literary Association of Philadelphia, Pa., on the 13th of October. Mr. Carlin has accepted the invitation.

Mr. Jno. Wildfong, of Depue, and Miss B. Slattery, of Ootone, and Mr. E. E. Tyler, of Ardsley, and Miss A. F. Hummel, of Argyle, Wis., were respectively united in holy matrimony in August and September. All were educated at the Wisconsin Institute.

Messrs. James D. Allen, of Peacham, Vt., recently connected with the preparatory class at the National Deaf-Mute College, and Allen B. Meacham, of Guilford, Vt., lately visited Mr. Frank W. Bigelow, at St. Johnsbury, Vt., who with them visited the county fair at St. Johnsbury.

Poor Job Turner, while at full speed on the railroad from Boston to Portland, happened to see in the New York Post of September 19th the following fact: A deaf-mute, while intoxicated, had his hands cut off by a railroad train in Cumbesland, Md., the other day, and he cannot now converse in any way with his fellow creatures.

A Badger freshman from the National Deaf-Mute College, calling at the Wisconsin Deaf-Mute Press office, asked the editor how he got along with his office. Scratching his head, in perplexity, he replied that "the devil is let loose on \$10,000 a year." Thereupon said freshman became a liberal contributor to the correspondent's department of the paper.

Hiram L. Bell, a deaf-mute, who is working for Jesse Burdick, about one mile east of this village, and where he has worked on Mr. Burdick's farm for four seasons, brought us a very fine, useful present last week. It was a beautiful golden pumpkin; one of rare quality, and large enough to make from thirty to forty pies; in short it was "some pumpkin."

Two numerous friends and acquaintances of Mr. Jonathan H. Eddy, an intelligent graduate of the New York Institution High Class, will rejoice to learn that he has received an appointment as teacher at the Central New York Institution for Deaf-Mutes, at Rome, N. Y. Considering the many superior qualities Mr. Eddy possesses we think the trustees of that institution could have made no better selection from New York deaf-mutes.

The deaf-mutes of Biddford and Saco enjoyed two divine services on Sunday, September 22d, in the latter city, in the morning and afternoon, and held a prayer-meeting in the former city in the evening, to the number of twenty—a larger number than usual. These services were conducted by Prof. Job Turner, whom they welcomed Saturday night with a splendid repast at Mr. Fagg's house, soon after his arrival, after an absence of about one year, during which time he prosecuted his missionary work in the South.

J. Alexander, a deaf-mute, only fifteen years of age, of the New York Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf-Mutes, and his hearing brother, a short time ago, were rowing on the Hudson River, when they beheld another boat, midway up the river. Its occupants, a white man and a colored boy, having fallen overboard, were shouting for help. The deaf-mute and his brother made all haste to enclose the two drowning persons, and had the satisfaction of rescuing them from a watery grave.

A. Victor, Berquiquet, of Jamestown, N. Y., writes: I thought I would write a few words for your valuable paper. On the 13th of August Mr. S. H. Howard called on me at my place of business (Broadhead & Sons), in this city. I invited him to supper at the Windsor House before he went away, and we had a very pleasant time. If any deaf-mutes should find it in their way to come to Jamestown, N. Y., I would be pleased to see them, and exchange a few thoughts by lips or fingers. We have a very pleasant town here of about seven thousand inhabitants, in a very healthy location, lying at the foot of Chautauque Lake.

Stephen Sinclair, who swam across the Hudson River four times, is going to attempt a fifteen mile swim in Lake Ontario next summer. He says he feels confident of success in the undertaking. Mr. Sinclair won a silver medal, valued at from \$5 to \$8, in the athletic games at Hoboken, N. J., on the 20th of June last, under the auspices of the Bazarholders Union of New York. He completed in three hours a 20-pound shot, and won the second prize, having thrown 129 feet and 3 inches. Richard Berger, of the Electric Boat Club, who won the first prize, beat Sinclair by only 2 inches. The medal Sinclair won is a splendid one.

According to the New York Herald, two deaf-mutes—Jonathan H. Eddy and William A. Enommons—accomplished, on Friday afternoon, the 29th ult., the feat of swimming across the Hudson River from New York to New Jersey, on the Jersey bank. It was nearly high water at the time, rather rough, and the distance over a mile; yet they got there in just thirty-seven minutes from the time they started—quite a tolerable time for amateurs. The water in the river was warmer than that it was in the latter part of last June, and they say it was very comfortable swimming but for the cross currents. The swimmers were followed in a boat by Chester Q. Mann and Thomas Fox, also deaf-mutes.

The Colorado Institution vacation is three months long.

The pupils in active attendance at the Central New York Institution Sept. 26th numbered 115.

The flower beds of the Michigan Institution were not neglected during the vacation. The night-watchman, not having to sleep on his days, took extra good care of them, and they are blooming their gratitude.

The *Mirror* man and his of the *Advance* stumbled across one another at Columbus last summer, and shook hands across the bloody chasm. No more billing and cooing on the boards for this winter.

The *Mirror* man, during his vacation, took a trip from Michigan to Kansas, taking in such interesting places as the Illinois Institution on his way. He is writing up the whole thing, and his chief experience, as detailed in the last *Mirror*, was a meal in a hotel dining car.

During the summer we picked up, somewhere, the announcement that Mr. Pond, of the *Mirror*, had been appointed teacher in the Kansas Institution, and reproduced it in our columns. It seems, however, that he still remains in Michigan, and is foreman of the printing-office of the Institution in that State.

The *Mirror* man was in attendance at the Columbus convention, where he took copious notes which he proposes to explain at his leisure. He was quite surprised at not finding himself entitled to a voice and vote, a position his interest in the deaf led him to suppose belonged to him. However, as he says, the convention did not suffer on that account. His notes will, doubtless, be interesting reading.

Verdure from what we saw at the late Convention, the flitting propensities of the age are not confined to the younger class of ladies and gentlemen, as is generally supposed, but the older and more moderate widowers, bachelors, widows, and ladies past 20, etc., are quite as fond of it as their sons, daughters, younger sisters or brothers. It wouldn't do to mention names, of course not, but the innocent will not put on the coat.—*Mirror*.

So everybody had a good time it seems. "Was the broom in its accustomed corner when you got home, Mr. *Mirror*?"

Charles McCormack, a deaf-mute, 15 years old, who has lost both of his forearms by a railroad accident, was arraigned yesterday at the Yorkville Court on a charge of stealing a horse and wagon, which Henry Meyers left standing on Third avenue while he went into a store to make a purchase. During his absence, McCormack jumped into the wagon, and winding the reins about the stump of one of his arms, drove rapidly off. Meyers gave chase and caught McCormack's arrest. Dr. Porter of the Deaf and Dumb Institution appeared, and informed Justice Bissell that McCormack, who had been under his tuition, was without any moral perceptions, as it was impossible to instruct him owing to the loss of his fingers. McCormack was discharged.—*New York Star*, Sept. 17, 1878.

## DANCING ACADEMY.

Professor Gutstadt, of Syracuse, will open his Dancing School, at Mayo Hall, in this village, on Thursday, October 24th, 1878. Afternoons, at 3 o'clock, for children. Evenings, at 8 o'clock, for adults. Terms: Children \$5.00; Adults \$6.00. One lesson per week for twelve weeks. All new society dancers, besides other dances, will be taught the new Harvard Waltz. Mr. Gutstadt needs no introduction to the people of Mexico, as he had a class here last winter, and his friends and patrons will be pleased to see him again. That he is a proficient master of his art the success he meets everywhere guarantees.

He will no doubt meet with good success here the coming term.

For those who use the Book of Common Prayer.

OCT. 6th, 1878.

MORNING SERVICE.

The Psalter for the 6th day of the month, or Selection.

1st Lesson—Judges iv.

2d Lesson—Mark xiii.

English Lectures.

1st Lesson—2d Chron. xxxvii.

2d Lesson—Ephesians vi. 1, 2.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the sixteenth Sunday after Trinity.

EVENING SERVICE.

The Psalter for the 6th day of the month, or Selection.

1st Lesson—Judges v.

2d Lesson—1st Peter iii.

English Lectures.

1st Lesson—Neh. i. 1-9 or viii.

2d Lesson—Luke vii. 1-24.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the sixteenth Sunday after Trinity.

## CHURCH NOTICES.

Rev. A. W. Mann will hold services for deaf-mutes as follows:

Friday, Oct. 4th, Michigan City, Ind.

Thursday, " 6th, Chicago, Ill.

Thursday, " 10th, Flint, Mich.

Sunday, " 13th, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Wednesday, " 16th, Church Congress.

Thursday, " 17th, Cincinnati, O.

Friday, " 18th, Cincinnati, O.

Sunday, " 20th, Cincinnati, O.

Monday, " 21st, Dayton, O.

Tuesday, " 22d, Delaware, Mo.

Sunday, " 27th, St. Louis, Mo.

Monday, " 28th, Muncie, Ind.

Tuesday, " 29th, Marion, O.

## DIED.

BURDICK—In Torrville, Pa., September 8, 1878, Mrs. Edith E. wife of Mr. George B. Burdick, nee Miss Edith E. Mattison, a graduate of the Pennsylvania Institution, aged 35 years. She leaves a husband and a five-year-old son, to mourn her loss.

Hon. Thomas Cornell, of Rondout, says: "I have known Dr. Kennedy for eight years; also acquainted with many persons who have used the Favorite Remedy, and can safely recommend the Doctor and his popular medicine."

The body of the woman found in the Charles River basin on the 4th ult. has been identified as that of Mrs. Alice V. Eastman, daughter of a clergyman in Maine.

There was a very heavy frost here last Saturday morning.

## EDITORIAL BREVITIES.

The yellow fever in many parts of the South has been raging quite violently again for the past few weeks, owing to an unfavorable condition of the weather, and new cases and deaths have lately been of frequent occurrence.

Joseph Head, a well-known stock-dealer near Hannibal, Mo., attempted to drown his wife, who had recently instituted proceedings for a divorce on account of her husband's abusive conduct, but he desisted on seeing his son approach with a shotgun, and, plunging a knife into his own neck, severed the jugular vein.

Said a brakeman, having more wit than veracity, on the Central Pacific Railroad, "This tunnel is one mile long, and the train will be four minutes passing through it," and when the train emerged into daylight, in four seconds, the sight of a fellow-kissing his girl was revealed to the other passengers.

Frederick W. Stevens, of Kent & Stevens, kid glove dressers, of Gloversville, N. Y., who fled in 1876 on account of forgeries committed by him to the amount of more than one hundred thousand dollars, returned last Thursday and surrendered himself to the court, which was in session. He was sentenced to two years' imprisonment in Clinton Prison.

Daniel S. Webber, formerly of Boston, spent many years at sea, visiting all parts of the globe, fought on the Union side in the late war, was captured, escaped, married in Philadelphia, rejoined the army, and at the close of the war went to Wisconsin. He lately tramped from the West, to find that two hundred and fifty dollars deposited in a Boston Savings Bank many years ago had grown to sixteen hundred and ninety-three dollars. He has now bought a farm and settled.

The annual pilgrimage to Mecca will soon be made, and the devout Mohammedans are either preparing for the journey or have already started. The average number who yearly join in the pilgrimage is said to be one hundred thousand, and among them are Hindoos, Malays, Persians, Turks, Arabs, Africans, and men from the Barbary States. These pilgrims always travel in large bodies, as they are frequently attacked by the Bedouins.

By the bursting of the boiler of the steamer Adelphe, of the Columbus Steam Navigation Company, off Fitch's Point, near South Norwalk, Conn., on the 28th ult., ten persons were killed and many more injured. Men and women were blown high in the air, and some of them a hundred feet from the steamer. At the time of the explosion there were two hundred passengers on board the Adelphe.

Superintendent George W. Barker, of the New Jersey division of the Pennsylvania Railroad, died at his home, in Jersey City, on the 26th ult., of Bright's disease of the kidneys. He was one of the most valued officers of the company, and was highly esteemed by all with whom he transacted business. Mr. Barker was born in Rochester, N. H., in 1828, began his career as brakeman on a freight train, soon became a conductor, and was eventually promoted to the office which he held at the time of his death.

Five hundred and ninety-nine Mormons arrived at New York in the Wyoming on the 25th. An even six hundred sailed from Liverpool, but one, Hans Anderson, died, and was buried at sea. Of those who arrived there were Danes, Norwegians, and Swedes. There were a few English, and four families of Swedes. They were all comfortably clad, were tidy, contented, and the most of them healthy. All the emigrants, except the infirm and crippled, carried baggage, and most of them were loaded down with household goods. The wharf was littered with tin pots, pans, buckets, and kettles. Many had bedding, and some carried boxes of fine flowers. They left on the next day for the West.

The Canton Social Club, of Canton, St. Lawrence county, N. Y., undertook to play smart, and were beaten at their own little game. After the Murphy temperance men had captured the town, and had shut up every bar in the place, one hundred and seventy-five residents formed a social club, rented a room, and stocked a bar with liquors. The janitor exchanged drinks for tickets, and all went well until the temperance men sued the janitor. Then there was a fight in the courts, and it was decided that club liquor drinking is a violation of the Excise law. The janitor was fined, and the club has disbanded.

Thomas McKeon, a merchant of New York, while on his way to his residence in Williamsburg struck up an acquaintance with a stranger on the Roosevelt street ferry. Their conversation turned upon politics, and soon drifted into Fenianism, in which McKeon takes much interest, and in which he was gratified by his stranger acquaintance. On leaving the ferry-boat they entered a saloon, and McKeon treated his new friend several times, the latter growing more familiar and calling the merchant by his nickname, "Tom." The merchant who takes stock in Fenian affairs grew deeper in love with his new-formed acquaintance, and invited him to accompany him to his home, but he pleaded some excuse, and after escorting his friend to a car, left. When McKeon arrived at his home he discovered that he had been robbed of his watch and chain, valued at two hundred dollars, two diamond studs, worth about three hundred dollars, and one hundred dollars in money.

## Local Paragraphs.

Ex-Judge Cyrus Whitney, of Oswego, was in town last week.

We are sorry to learn that Mrs. Francis Villard recently had the misfortune to fall and break one of her legs.

Eugene Tripp, of Prattville, who has been sick several years with consumption, is said to be gradually failing.

Lewis Miller and his daughter, Adelle, have both been sick for the past few days, but are now getting better.

Strong Bennett left home last Thursday for Ann Arbor, Mich., to further prosecute his studies for the medical profession.

The Ladies of the Presbyterian Church of this village will give a half-dime social and pumpkin pie entertainment at the house of Myron Everts, Friday evening, October 4th.

Some of the farmers near here have lately been sowing their winter wheat, having concluded to try to raise their own bread, as the crop has done well here for the past few years.

The Nevada Badge, which has been held by the Forty-eighth Regiment for the past four years, was won last week by the Forty-ninth Regiment, on a score of 1,247, the highest on record.

Messrs. Linns Cobb and George Wood, of the Oswego District Prayer-Meeting Association, have gone to Clayton to attend a series of revival meetings that are now in progress there.

Mrs. William Ely and Mrs. Munroe Simons and their children leave during this month for the West. These ladies' husbands preceded them some time since, and they go to join them in their new homes.

We are pleased to hear that David Wilcox, who a few days ago was badly injured by falling from his house, is much better and that he is fast recovering from his fall, though his broken arm will keep him from work for some time.

The "Delusion" is the name of an unique and



## Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publication of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for, those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

### NOTES FROM PROF. JOB TURNER.

PORTLAND, Me., Sept. 23, 1878.  
MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—I have, this evening, arrived in this city from Saco, where I had a very profitable time, yesterday, conducting three divine services for the deaf-mutes, which will never fade from my memory.

I am now the guest of Bishop Neely in whose study I am writing this letter. I must avail myself of this night's leisure to drop you a line to let you know what has occurred since I left West Henrick, N. H., because I shall be kept busy this and next week. You need not, therefore, look for any letter from me during that length of time. Nobody can imagine how much I thank our blessed Father for placing me in a large field, where I am, at present, laboring to the glory of His name.

I will now open this letter by giving you some more notes about deaf-mutes, etc., as I have done.

On the afternoon of the 12th inst. the old-fashioned farm-house which has sheltered Mr. Thomas Brown for more than a century became my temporary home. Mr. and Mrs. Brown always give the missionary a cordial welcome, which he cannot too highly appreciate, and for which his many heartfelt thanks are due to God. At tea I had it from the hands of Mr. Brown, instead of his mouth, that Rev. and Mrs. Thomas Gullaudet, and Rev. and Mrs. H. W. Syle were to be his guests the next evening. We had the pleasure of meeting the distinguished visitors at the house the next day.

Thirty-seven had arrived at Henrick on Saturday night, the 14th, to attend religious meetings next day. An informal meeting was held in a hall at Noye's tavern, where the deaf-mutes were stopping at reduced prices. Mr. Brown, justly called the father of deaf-mute conventions, opened the ball by making a welcome speech which pleased us all. George Kent, Esq., the celebrated deaf-mute angler, rose and told President Brown that he would be happy to entertain another meeting at his own expense if it should be held at Amherst, on the 10th of November. At our suggestion, he left it with a committee of three deaf and dumb gentlemen to think about it, and their decision will soon be given to the deaf-mute world. The business being done, Dr. Gullaudet gave the audience some incidents of his western trip with the Rev. A. W. Mann, which enchaind their attention, and which must have interested them, judging by their undisturbed silence.

The fifteenth day of this month was a splendid Sabbath day, which we enjoyed very much, with many thanks to our heavenly Father.

In the morning, about forty-four silent listeners were assembled in the chapel of the Congregational Church, where Rev. Samuel Rowe, the Maine evangelist, preached on examples of faith, taking as his text Matthew 8:10. He related the miracle of the healing of the Centurion's servant, and used as an illustration the story of Gideon and the angels, as written in the sixth chapter of Judges.

Dr. Gullaudet spoke in the Congregational Church the same morning on the education of the deaf and dumb and church work among them. It was truly a splendid subject, as I learned from one of those who listened to him.

In the afternoon, the Congregational Church, which had been so kindly placed at Mr. Thomas Brown's disposal, out of respect for his character, was filled to repletion, Rev. Dr. Gullaudet, and Rev. H. W. Syle, of Philadelphia, conducted the shortened regular Episcopal service, the former reading and the latter interpreting by signs. The service being through, Dr. Gullaudet read Mr. Brown's written address to the hearing audience, and translated it into signs for the benefit of the deaf-mutes present, after which this writer was requested to make an address, which he accordingly did, dwelling upon the ninth verse of the sixth chapter of Gallatians: "And let us not be weary in well doing; for in due season we shall reap if we faint not." He gave as illustrations several examples of doing well, particularly perseverance in doing well. Dr. Gullaudet interpreted the address to the hearing audience.

Rev. Mr. Syle next preached from Mark 7:32-35, about the miracle of healing a man who was deaf and had an impediment in his speech. He showed the tender sympathy our Saviour felt for the deaf and dumb as proven in this miracle, and the other in the 9th chapter of the same gospel; and also drew from them a lesson of the need of coming to Jesus for ourselves, and also praying in behalf of others, as did the people who brought the deaf man to Jesus to be healed. Dr. Gullaudet read his manuscript to the hearing audience while he signed it.

In the evening Rev. Mr. Hoffman, the pastor of the Congregational Church, spoke of the day as one of spiritual refreshment, and of the great privilege of being present. Dr. Gullaudet was his interpreter.

Mr. Rowe next made a statement of his work in Maine. Rev. Mr. Steele, a Methodist minister, spoke very heartily and declared it was the grandest day of his life. He made an earnest appeal to all, especially the young, to accept the great salvation. Dr. Gullaudet interpreted his words by signs.

After the service some of the deaf-mutes dispersed to their homes, not far from the church, in their private conveyances, intending to reach their destinations late in the night. The rest disappeared from Henrick the next morning, but Dr. and Mrs. Gal-

landet, Mr. and Mrs. Syle and myself lingered under the hospitable roof of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Brown until the next morning, when we all turned our faces toward Boston.

Mr. Brown showed us his well-cultivated farm, which has been in his possession for over half a century. We all called on Mr. and Mrs. Gove in the afternoon. Mr. Gove was with me in the American Asylum.

Mr. Brown's old-fashioned house has seen a little over one hundred winters.

I had the pleasure of being present at Mr. Keniston's lecture at the rooms of the Boston Deaf-Mute Society on Wednesday night, the 18th, at which time I was to have made the lecture, but circumstances compelled me to postpone it until the 16th of October.

The subject of Mr. Keniston's lecture was "Habits," and he gave, as good illustrations, several examples of habits, some of which amused the audience.

On the 19th inst. I called on Prof. and Mrs. Atwood and Miss Annie Richardson in Newburyport, and with them I went to Salisbury Beach. There was an annual gathering of people there. I had the gratification of meeting Mr. and Mrs. Samuel F. Southwick, of Salem, Mass., who were stopping there a few days.

I fulfilled my appointment in Saco yesterday. I am very thankful that the meeting was larger than usual, and that it was a success. May He who inspired the prophets to foretell that the deaf and dumb should hear and speak continue to bestow many good blessings on the Biddeford-Saco Deaf-Mute Society, and lead its deaf-mute friends to glory on high.

I leave here for Augusta, Me., tomorrow. Bishop Neely will expect me to conduct a combined service with him in St. Luke's Cathedral at 3:30 p. m., Sunday, October 6th. The Cathedral is the only Episcopal Cathedral in the United States. A number of wealthy Episcopalians, about two years since, relieved the cathedral of its debt out of their own pockets, and it is now free from debt.

Yours sincerely,  
JOB TURNER.

### Letter from a Maryland Deaf-Mute.

BALTIMORE, Md., Sept. 22, 1878.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Every Saturday I am fond of reading my JOURNAL, for then I hear about all the deaf-mutes in the United States and Europe. Prof. Job Turner persuaded me to subscribe for it when I met him at Mr. Aaron Fredrick's house, in Baltimore last Christmas. I think your paper contains more news than any other deaf-mute paper.

There were 70,000 people from Baltimore at the camp-meeting at Emory Grove, last August, near Reisterstown. The camp was the largest in Baltimore county. There were 700 tents in good shape, in the nice woods of 100 acres. The land belonged to the people of Baltimore, and several gentlemen bought it three years ago for camp-meeting grounds. Mr. Aaron Fredrick, Mr. Solomon and several other deaf-mutes from Baltimore visited the camp, and there I met them. They knew me well when I used to visit Baltimore. I introduced them to my speaking brothers and sister, and invited all the mutes to dinner with them.

Mr. Joseph H. Linton is a deaf-mute and a photographer. He had a tent near Emory Grove Station, in the time of the camp-meeting, for two weeks, and then moved to Asbury Station, 1 1/2 miles, to the colored camp, where he worked for three weeks. He is president of the Baltimore Association of Deaf-Mutes.

Yours truly,  
WM. GEORGE GILL.

### A VERY PLEASANT PARTY--OTHER NOTES.

GENEVA, N. Y., Sept. 30, 1878.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I am going to send a little news for your paper. I have been steadily working in the Geneva Courier office for a long while. All of the deaf-mutes of Geneva are in good spirits, with the exception of one, Mr. Denton, who has been sick for some time. I have not seen him since a week ago yesterday, but I am told that he is getting a little better.

A very pleasant party of deaf-mutes was held at Clifton Springs two weeks ago. Mr. Denton and wife, Mr. Gordon, Mr. Krebs and wife, of Geneva, Mrs. J. M. Raffington, son and daughter, of Chicago, and several others were present. The day was pleasantly spent, and passed off without anything occurring to mar the festivities of the occasion.

Mrs. J. M. Raffington, of Chicago, who is an accomplished and intelligent lady, spent some time in visiting at the commodious and beautiful home of N. Denton, Esq., in Geneva. She enjoyed the pleasure of visiting Mr. C. Cuddeback and wife, of Phelps, for one or two days, and her visit at the house of Mr. and Mrs. C. Krebs, for one day, was pleasant. Mrs. Raffington has returned home from her very pleasant visit in the East.

A. C. Gordon, of Geneva, went with the excursion party from that village and its vicinity to Antrim, Penn., 110 miles distant, for the purpose of viewing the coal mines. He was very much delighted with his visit at Antrim.

Mrs. Louisa Denton, of Geneva, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. L. Gormly, in Rochester, N. Y. A. C. Gordon.

—Sixty thousand dollars were awarded by the court to H. H. Hinnowell, of Wellesley, Mass., for damage to his estate by the city of Boston in the construction of a conduit.

### "WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN?"

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Let me give your readers a true account of a secret society which was organized at the Wisconsin Deaf and Dumb Institute, in 1875. I was lately informed that Mr. C. L. Williams was accused of being the founder of the society, under its title "S. O." I positively deny that assertion. Mr. J. Lynch and myself organized it. Its object was to root out wrong things which any principal or officers perpetrated, when we could find them out. Mr. Williams, not understanding the purpose of this society, tried to break it down, but it enlarged and flourished till June. After my graduation some of the alumni made up another secret society, whose title is "S. F. A. S.," of which I am now president. Mr. Williams did not organize any secret society among the boys against ex-Principal Weed. The leading deaf-mute boys at the Wisconsin Institute against him were Messrs. Tolles, White, Bushel, Hadley, Scott, H. O. Linnell, Lynch, and myself; and at this late day, before God, and man, we feel entirely justified in what we did then. The Press will please copy.

L. M. LARSON.

National Deaf-Mute College, Washington, D. C., Sept. 28, 1878.

### TWENTY-ONE--A BIRTHDAY PARTY.

A party was given on the 20th inst. by the parents in honor of the becoming of age of their youngest son, George Sliffer. A number of marriageable deaf-mutes were present, twenty-one mingling with his relatives, and passed the time pleasantly, playing games, and dancing. The table, which was elegantly and abundantly supplied with rich eatables, awaited us at midnight, and our keen appetites did ample justice to the viands. We all enjoyed ourselves immensely. On going home, we parted with him wishing him joy and many happy returns of his birthday.

May he be successful in all his undertakings; but above all may Heaven bless him with health and contentment, that his life may be long and prosperous. We think his party was the best one we ever had.

ONE OF THE PARTY.  
Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 24th, 1878.

### ORDER OF THINGS AT THE NEW YORK INSTITUTION.

In the course of the two weeks that my pen has been resting, my news budget has been steadily growing till now it is almost bursting, and, lest some of its contents should be spilled by waiting longer, I will hasten to deal it out to your readers.

On Monday, September 16th, the classification of the pupils was accomplished. The present arrangement, devised by Principal Peet, is a great improvement on the old one, and is much more simple and convenient. Each teacher has charge of two classes, one in each division, and teaches each four hours a day, thus making him or her eight hours' work. The boys work in the shops as before, and the hours for study, school, work, meals, and play remain the same. Here is a schedule of the classes with their respective teachers:

Division I.		Division II.	
Mixed.		Mixed.	
High Class A.	High Class B.	Weston Jenkins.	Articulation I.
Articulation I.	Articulation II.	E. H. Currier.	
Boys.			
Class I.	Class II.	Jacob Van Nostrand.	
" III.	" IV.	Francis D. Clarke.	
" V.	" VI.	Rowland B. Lloyd.	
" VII.	" VIII.	Thomas M. Jewell.	
" IX.	" X.	Henry D. Beavers.	
" XI.	" XII.	Gilbert C. W. Gamage.	
" XIII.	" XIV.	Wm. G. Jones.	
Girls.			
Class I.	Class II.	Miss Ida Montgomery.	
" III.	" IV.	Jane T. Moyle.	
" V.	" VI.	J. L. Ensign.	

In addition there is the special class of blind, and very feeble-sighted deaf-mutes, in charge of Miss Fitzhugh, and the Juvenile Department, of some 50 small boys, in the Mansion House, under the tuition of Mr. Charles W. Van Tassel and Miss Launni C. Rice, and Miss Caroline Hagadorn teaches every class drawing for an hour or two every week.

This year the studios of the High Class embrace that part of its course including natural philosophy, rhetoric, and mathematics, and besides English history is continued from last year's studies.

We have, or will have when the laggards come in, about 500 pupils this term. By looking over the above table it will be seen that there are 14 teachers, not counting the special teachers—Misses Fitzhugh and Hagadorn. So there is on an average a little over 35 pupils to a teacher.

The supplemental class, a portion of the High Class pursuing a special course of studies more advanced than those in the regular course of the High Class, has ceased to exist, as such, one of its members having gone to the Rome Institution and the others studying apart, each what is best for him in view of the object sought.

The Administrative Department has been thoroughly organized, and a new supervisor, Mr. E. J. Halley, engaged. The Yale lock has been put on every door in the respective wings of the boys' and girls' rooms, so that now when the shades of night are falling all the young ones are safely housed under lock and key till morning. And the superintendent can, if he pleases, pocket the key and whistle at his leisure, with the knowledge that everything is as snug in his department as the machinery of his watch.

Yale locks have very slim key-holes and are very reliable to keep things snug, but there are things that can squirm through to our injury. Epidemics are among these, and lately one has broken out among us. It is either the chicken pox or the measles, or both. At the present writing there are eight pupils down with it in the

Cottage Hospital, but we hope it will not prove dangerous.

A few days ago our institution had the rare and unlooked-for pleasure of a visit from Rev. H. W. Syle and his wife. Mr. Syle was, we are proud to remind our readers, once a teacher here. He is much the same genial friend he ever was in the old times, with a becoming shade of dignity from his clerical profession. Mr. Kundsen, formerly the teacher of drawing at the institution when it was located at Fifth street, also paid us a visit, and seemed to enjoy it hugely in reviewing old memories. Neither honor Mr. Syle could stay as long as we wished. We are obliged to content ourselves with hoping for long visits from them both in the future.

Our institution is getting to be quite cosmopolitan. We have representatives from nearly every nation under the sun—the moon-eyed Celestials, the dusky Ethiopians, the wiry, wily, Spanish Americans, the noble red men, etc. The latest addition was a young Spaniard from Central America, named Vicente G. de Pinere, sent to us by that Government, who came to us under the care of the resident Consul from that country. He is very intelligent and quick to learn, to write, and especially to make signs, and has all the vivacity and grace of his warm-blooded race. Another pupil is the son of the Siamese twins, and who came to us for a higher education than he was able to get in North Carolina, where his home is. His name is Bunker.

It would seem to us, that a certain western institution paper is in a very sad condition. Because the *Educator* preferred to mind its own business as it pleased, the poor thing has nearly fretted its small heart out, and, finally, in a spasm of despair it launches at the object of its spleen all the epithets that a man seized with the "jim jams" could find in his vocabulary. But he will catch it from the *Educator* before long. Its editor is not poor at repartee.

Some weeks since there appeared in the *Deaf-Mute Advance* an article written by a freshman of the National Deaf-Mute College, in which he would fain use our institution as a sort of reflector for the lustre of the Ohio Institution. It may not be considered worth noticing, being printed in such a paper as the *Advance*, and written by one of the freshmen, a class proverbial for their common sense. Nevertheless freshmen have yet to learn a great deal, and this young bud of promise in particular, and out of the kindness of our heart we will try to set this dazed young man right, who it would seem distorted his vision from a too close contemplation of the great Ohio luminary, and to his blurred vision the steady rays of glory from our old institution, coming from so far, seemed but a little bit of a thing to him.

Of course it is not necessary to justify the New York Institution. Her best advocate is her brilliant record, of which no institution has an equal. It is not necessary to throw mud on the Ohio Institution, in order that ours may shine brighter. Both are so far apart that there is ample space for each to work without collision, and none are more convinced of the efficiency of the Ohio Institution than we, or more ready to acknowledge it and to wish its infinite continuance. She is blessed with what is very rare, a wise and liberal board of trustees. Her principal is a leader in his profession, and under their good management the institution cannot but prosper.

The reason why there are not more representatives of our institution at Kendall Green is that they have never been fitted for it. It is characteristic of Yankee boys to begin to build their fortunes as soon as they have got enough of the three R's—reading, 'ritin', and 'rithmetic—to serve their practical needs; and they seldom care for a higher education till they feel the need of it after their school-days are over. Perhaps it would be better if it were not so. Another reason why our boys don't go to Washington is that in the High Class they can attain a standard of almost any height, for its teachers are always gentlemen of such broad, deep culture that their pupils never need to go beyond them for instruction, however far they may go. Till the late 1870s, nearly every one of the best graduates of the High Class speedily found situations as teachers, where they are now, and who are not surpassed in efficiency by their brethren in the profession who have enjoyed a college education. Since that time the National Deaf-Mute College has supplied that demand, and the taste of our graduates has taken a more mechanical turn. By some of the misinformers it is thought that our principal uses his influence to keep back his boys from Kendall Green, but I can affirm, from a conversation with him on the subject, that he is a firm friend of that college, and would only be too glad to give all the assistance in his power to any of his boys who wish to go there. But we do object to have our pupils go there without preparation and get hustled into the back seat to their own shame and ours. We have never yet sent one from here who had not been prepared, and do not wish any such to go there.

A week ago to-day, Friday afternoon, two of the High Class boys accomplished the feat of swimming across the Hudson from the institution dock to a spot up the river under the Palisades, where are some new powder houses. Their names are Jonathan Eddy and William A. Emmons, and they are members of the Fanwood Athletic Club. The distance is over a mile, and it was accomplished in 37 minutes. They say the water was quite comfortable, in fact warmer than it was last June, but the cross-currents and rough water hindered them somewhat. The water has grown colder since then,

from cold north-west winds, and it is not warm enough to bathe in now.

There will be a regatta on the river here next Saturday, of the Resolute Boat Club. We are much interested in it because several of our officers and teachers will pull in the different contests.

The High Class boys' study-room, just opened, is one of the best situated rooms in the institution, and it has been fitted up very conveniently and elegantly. The boys are very grateful to the board and its officers for this favor, and will no doubt take the best care of it.

If I am not mistaken the election of the Fanwood Literary Association will be held on Saturday, October 5th. Among those likely to be candidates for its presidency is Thomas F. Fox, and for the secretaryship, George L. Reynolds. M.L.O.

Washington Heights, New York city, September 27, 1878.

### HOW ONE STUDENT OF THE NATIONAL DEAF-MUTE COLLEGE SPENT HIS VACATION.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Doubtless some of your Wisconsin and Chicago readers would like to hear what has been going on during my vacation travels.

Immediately on the commencement of the late vacation Mr. J. J. Murphy, a Badger senior, and myself left this college for "sweet home" in the West. On arriving at Chicago we parted and I went alone to Milwaukee, in the expectation of finding some business. In the city I was warmly welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. John Downey. Mr. J. Downey, who is an experienced trunk-maker, is a very intelligent and industrious man. He says that his wife was awfully bruised by a runaway lumber-wagon team last spring, but, after medical treatment, she recovered entirely. At an appointed time I called at the house of Miss M. Downey, a sister of the above-named trunk-maker, but I was disappointed. Her absence was conspicuous. She is a practical dress-maker. Next I called on Mr. E. J. Bockmann, my old school-mate, who is a cooper by trade, under his father, and I met his elder brother, Marshall, who is a successful cigar-maker. At another time I made Miss S. Bner, one of my former classmates, a brief call. She is the fastest mute girl I ever saw in the country. Some mute school-boys were glad to see me as a student from the deaf-mute college. Mr. T. S. Engelhardt and his sister, Philomine, enjoyed my visit for a day. The former is attending to a traveling business in the West. The latter died of pleurisy on the 18th of July last. The other day I was introduced to and had an interesting conversation with Mr. and Mrs. J. Tyson. Immediately I left the city for La Crosse to see Mr. and Mrs. Louis Guttersom, a recently married couple. Mr. J. is still a prominent shoe-maker. They completed a bridal tour of several days in La Crosse and Vernon counties. I was introduced to Miss Carrie Sandvig, who was visiting Louis G., her former classmate at a deaf-mute school in Christiania, Norway. She said that besides this school, there are 3 deaf-mute schools located respectively in Bergen, Christiansand and Trondhjem in Norway. At last I arrived home, and stayed there all summer, and, of course, enjoyed the vacation first rate. While at home, I was told that the La Crosse county mute residents convened and told touching and funny stories, etc., in the sign-language before the Granger people, on the 4th of July last, at a certain grove. Some La Crosse papers stated that an intelligent deaf-mute of Springfield delivered the Lord's Prayer in a beautiful manner, before the Norwegian people of Coon Prairie, on the 4th of July last. I learned, through one of my friends, that George French, living north of La Crosse, who was a member of the class of 1870, enjoys a country life and gets large crops this year, except his wheat, which has recently been damaged by the heat or rust.

On my way back to college I made a brief call on Dr. Ballard, a brother of Mr. M. Ballard, a teacher at the Columbia Deaf and Dumb Institution. I was introduced to Miss Bella E. Porter, of Boston, Mass., who intends to spend several months with her relatives in La Crosse. I have had three splendid conversations with her. She says she has a glorious time in the West, and enjoys herself by going fishing, hunting, rowing, &c. She will return East before next Christmas.

After this visit I went to Delavan, and honored the Wisconsin Deaf and Dumb Institute, from which I graduated in 1876, with a visit. I enjoyed a social conversation with Principal De Motte and the teachers, and also with all on Phoenix Green. After the visit to my alma mater I called on Messrs. H. Phillips, a former teacher, and C. H. Ride-out, lately foreman of the shoe shop at the institute. The first says he enjoys a longer vacation this year than ever he did in his life. The latter has 40 acres of land in Florida, and he is still a shoe-maker in Delavan. On going to the railroad depot I met Mr. J. A. Woodbury, formerly steward of the institute. He was very glad to see and talk with me. He is a dealer in general publications. I regretted my inability to make Mr. and Mrs. B. Baird a call, and Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Dudley, the mute Delavan residents, as long visits as I expected to.

A train took me to Racine, where I was heartily welcomed by Mr. B. S. Field, who is a steady and industrious machinist. He showed me many flourishing manufacturing establishments. His name being known throughout the city some called him the "Racine Preacher," on account of his wearing

a fine black dren-coat. He says that two deaf-mutes by the names of Lars Larson and Halvard Askshong entered upon a course of study at the University of Norway, in 1871. This university, whose library contains more than 160,000 volumes, is claimed to be the largest in the world, and has annually from 600 to 800 students, some of whom are from foreign countries. At one time I met Mr. A. Gaold, formerly connected with the preparatory class, in this college, who is a prominent and hard-working man in one of the fanning mill factories. In the evening Messrs. Gaold, Field, and myself rode to the Racine College (Episcopalian) and then stopped under the trees, on the shore of Lake Michigan, to eat a watermelon in the moon-light.

Next I went to Kenosha, on a promised visit to Mr. and Mrs. N. Fisk, the latter of whom was my alumni classmate. Mr. F. is a good employee in a fanning mill factory. The next day I met Prof. P. A. Emery and wife at Chicago. I also called upon Messrs. C. L. Williams and G. E. Valentine, who were my former teachers. The former is going to lecture in the Badger State, during the fall campaign. The latter is a successful lawyer.

The two Gibney brothers, who were formerly educated at the Delavan Institute, and recently at the Flint, were surprised to see me. They had a social talk with Mr. J. J. Murphy and myself. They both are frugal shoemakers, one of whom, James, is a member of the Chicago Shoe-makers' Lodge. After having met with Mr. Wm. Sullivan, my friend, who is an experienced basket-maker, we made a call upon Mr. A. D. Grout and family. I enjoyed a social time with the Chicago Deaf-Mute Society. Mr. J. J. Murphy and a new student from Chicago accompanied me to Washington.

L. M. LARSON.

National Deaf-Mute College, Washington, D. C., Sept. 28, 1878.

### A MISSION FOR DEAF-MUTES.

[Toronto National, Sept. 26.]

A most interesting meeting of deaf-mutes and gentlemen interested in their welfare was held on Wednesday, the 18th inst., in the rooms of the Y. M. C. A., Shaftesbury Hall. The object of the meeting was to arrange for regular services being held on Sundays and week days for the benefit of the deaf-mutes of the city and neighborhood. With this object (among others) a number of gentlemen have formed themselves into a committee to aid and advise with the deaf-mutes of the city, and the meeting on Wednesday evening, the 18th inst., was the first of a number it is proposed to hold during the coming season. The Advisory Committee is composed of Dr. Hodgins (Chairman), Rev. A. H. Baldwin, Dr. Palmer (Principal of the Institute for the Deaf and Dumb, Belleville), Dr. Carlyle, Dr. Rosebrugh, Dr. Reeve, and Messrs. Jas. Hughes, T. H. Ince, Wm. Elliott, T. J. Wilkie, and C. G. Walker (Local Secretary). A Ladies' Committee has also been formed, composed of Mrs. M. Carlyle, Baldwin, Howe, T. H. Ince, James Campbell, Wm. Elliott, C. G. Walker, Johnson, Kirkpatrick, S. McMaster, Rosebrugh, Reeve, Misses Macdonald, Michie, Dick, Elliott, Howland, and Macdonald, with power to add to their number. It is also proposed to wait upon the Hon. C. S. Wood, Provincial Treasurer, in order to ascertain if the Government is disposed to aid in any way in the establishment of a mission for the benefit of the adult deaf-mutes of the Province of Ontario. Any lady or gentleman wishing to co-operate with the above committees will please send in their names to the Local Secretary, Mr. C. G. Walker, 82 Yonge street, Toronto.

### Golden Hair at the Chancel.

A friend living in Philadelphia has a sweet, golden-haired little daughter, aged three years, who is devoted to her father, and endeavors, after her baby fashion, to govern her actions by his own. This habit causes much amusement in the family, though the little one seems quite unconscious that she is the cause of it all.

Not long ago the child attended divine service for the first time with her father, and sat quietly and gravely in the pew until the close of the sermon. It chanced to be communion Sunday, and Mr.—being a communicant, went with others toward the chancel, unconscious that his little daughter was following him. As he knelt and bowed his head, the baby of three years beside him also knelt and bowed her sweet face upon her tiny hands. Those who saw the touching sight were affected almost to tears, and nobody attempted to remove the small communicant. Not until my friend rose to return to his seat did he discover the child, who also rose, and, slipping her little hand in his, walked gravely toward the pew. The clergyman, speaking of it afterward, said it was, in his opinion, the most beautiful sight he had ever seen.—*Harper's Magazine.*

Solomon Hubbs, a traveling man, under arrest at Johnstown, N. Y., for obtaining goods under false pretences, committed suicide by severing the arteries of both arms.

James McFarland and Eugene Coolwell, of New York, were arrested on the 21st ult., charged with robbing a dry goods store, in which they were employed, of over \$8,000 worth of goods.

A Coroner's jury at Savannah, Ga., has returned a verdict of "Shooting, not in his own defense," a gentoo way of alluding to murder.

### RIVALLING THE BONANZAS.

THE VAST FARM THAT IS TO BE MADE TO YIELD A MILLION DOLLARS A YEAR.

[Cor. Chicago Times.]

FARGO, D. T., Sept. 2, 1878.

This morning I paid a visit to the Dalrymple farm, situated eighteen miles west of Fargo. The estate embraces 100,000 acres, owned by Mr. Dalrymple, of St. Paul, Gen. Geo. W. Cass, of New York, B. P. Cheney, of Boston, and U. L. Grandin, of Pennsylvania. The Grandin division, consisting of 40,000 acres, is situated on Goose River, thirty miles south of Fargo, and apart from the other divisions. So far operations on the farm have been confined chiefly to wheat growing. The farm is managed with something of the system that is employed in directing the operations of an army. It is cut up into divisions of 2,000 acres each, and these are managed by experienced superintendents and foremen, the finances of each division being brought under a regular and separate system of book-keeping. Mr. Dalrymple is general manager of the whole.

The area of ground under crop this year is 13,000 acres. Next year the area will be 20,000 acres. The spring wheat was sown the latter part of March and the fore part of April. The first of it was cut July 25th, and twelve days after that the work of the reapers had been finished, and miles upon miles of wheat shocks covered the plains. In bringing this crop to perfection Mr. Dalrymple has employed 500 head of horses and mules, 80 broadcast 8½ feet seed sowers, 100 14-inch plows, 200 steel-pointed harrows, 15 4-inch cylinder threshers and cleaners, 15 10-horse power steam engines, 80 self-binding reapers, and a force of about 400 men. These 80 machines when in motion cut and bind with wire 1,000 large bundles every minute.

Threshing was begun a few days ago, and, as I stood in the midst of this stubble plain to-day, and watched the smoke curling up from steam-machines miles upon miles away and fancied that they looked as vessels when steaming far out over the lake in front of Chicago, I thought to myself what a magnificent "desert" this is! Near by me was a superintendent, who was talking through a telephone with another superintendent some three miles away. Near him sat an operator, who was sending a despatch to another part of the farm.

Mr. Dalrymple said he expected the yield to average 25 bushels per acre, which would give a total of 325,000 bushels, worth just that many dollars, two-thirds of which would be net profit. It is all No. 1 wheat, and Mr. Dalrymple said he had just declined an offer by the Millers' Association of Minneapolis of 92 cents per bushel for 80,000 bushels. He is shipping from his farm in Duluth, and thence to New York, twenty cars of wheat every day.

My astonishment at what I had seen was nothing compared with that which I experienced upon being told by Mr. Dalrymple that it was his purpose to carry forward the development of his farm until he shall have put 40,000 acres under the plow, and brought his yearly production of wheat up to a round million bushels. Dalrymple's is not the only large farm hereabouts. There are at least a half-dozen others which number from 1,000 to 2,000 acres cultivated. The number of farms embracing from 100 to 400 acres under cultivation is very large.

### A LOSING BUSINESS.

Not long since a gentleman traveling by rail from a neighboring city to Boston purchased a glass of soda at a refreshment stand in a way station and gave the attendant a quarter. The latter apparently purposely delayed making change, and his customer was obliged to hurry on board the train with a feeling of having been cheated, and consequently "out" fifteen cents. He concentrated his wits upon the idea of getting even with the refreshment vender, and at last devised a plan which succeeded admirably, as will be seen. At the next stopping he rushed to the window of a telegraph office and dictated a message to be sent to the soda water man and paid for by the recipient. It was as follows: "Do you still sell foam at twenty-five cents a glass?" At every station where there was a chance he repeated this message. Upon reaching Boston, having thus revenged himself five times, he glided out of the depot and off about his business, with a smile of satisfaction irradiating his placid features that was refreshing to look upon. As for the soda water man, that night after shutting up he drew up a little balance sheet on the fly leaf of his diary as follows: "Expenses of telegraphy, \$1.25; extra profit on soda, 15 cents; out, \$1.10."—*Boston Advertiser.*

A British Consular report from Persia says that almost every child in that country is taught to read and write. The Koran is the text book



